

Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

No. 1716, February 9, 1952



Telegraphist John Houldsworth, of Southport, is a young member of the crew of the *Gothic*, in which Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh are sailing to Australia and New Zealand. Seventeen-year-old D. J. Moore, of Portsmouth, in the lower picture, is one of the four Royal Marines drummer boys in the liner.

In the Royal Ship

GHOST OF THE PREFAB

The laying of a ghost in a Bristol prefab by three Corporation officials and a plumber recalls the warning by Theseus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

*Of in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear.*

Regularly at night, the occupants of the prefab had been disturbed by a series of mysterious sounds. There was the soft pad of ghostly feet on the floor; there were rappings on the table by an unseen hand; there was a water-cistern which a "ghost" delighted in flushing at various times during the hours of darkness; there was a succession of "things that go bump in the night."

As a result of all these mysterious sounds, the occupants of the prefab house, convinced it was haunted, decided to move.

Then came the Corporation

officials, accompanied by the plumber.

They showed that the "ghostly feet" was merely water bubbling in the pipes. Then they demonstrated that the "table rappings" were the result of loose metal panels, and next that the water cistern flushed itself on account of a sticky valve. Lastly, they proved that the "bumps in the night" came from metal fittings with changes of temperature.

We suspect that not a few other resident "ghosts" would be laid if similar practical measures were employed.

NO IMMEDIATE DANGER

It has been calculated that the famous Leaning Tower of Pisa is likely to remain standing for another two centuries. It is now 24 feet out of the upright, but is moving at the rate of only one millimetre a year.



MONKEY BUSINESS AT VICTORIA FALLS

Baboons can be such a menace

THERE is a little war going on in Africa which has attracted little public attention, but is none the less a serious business for all concerned. It is a war of Man versus Baboon.

The conflict started some 40 years ago when engineers built the magnificent bridge which skirts the Victoria Falls and crosses the Zambesi River.

And that, apparently, gave the baboons the opportunity they were looking for; they swarmed from the jungle across the bridge in such numbers that trains were held up by chattering families of baboons. They swung from the girders and barked defiance at everyone—at driver, guard, and passengers.

More recently, guests at the new tourist hotel at Victoria Falls complained that trousers and other articles of clothing were disappearing mysteriously in the night. Then socks with suspenders attached were found dangling from tree-tops in the nearby bush, and it was realised that the baboons, not burglars, were the culprits.

From that time baboons were the declared enemy; guests were earnestly entreated not to give them buns on the lawn at tea-time, or to encourage them in any other way.

COMPARATIVE PEACE

A period of comparative peace followed, and then, a few weeks ago, baboons opened up a new campaign at the new international airport at Livingstone. At first they confined themselves to racing across the runways when planes were coming in to land; but when one of them was found asleep in the cockpit of a southbound airliner it was felt that the time had come for drastic action.

Then the authorities installed electric flares embedded in concrete alongside the runways. Only once did the baboons demonstrate in force against the glare of the lights, attacking with sticks, stones, and fists; but the lights stood up to the onslaught, and the attackers retired.

OLD LEGEND

The next stage in this strange conflict will be the erection of an electrified fence round the perimeter of the airfield. Such shock tactics will, it is hoped, result in the baboons recognising defeat and completely abandoning their guerilla warfare.

But grey-headed Matabels who have dwelt all their lives in the Zambesi Valley shake their heads gloomily; they have a legend that when the baboons disappear from the Victoria Falls the river will dry up, and then The Smoke that Thunders will thunder no more.

JUST A MEAL IN MANITOBA

Have you ever tasted beavertail soup or roast squirrel? No? Well, neither have most Canadians; but these were the highlights of the Northern Manitoba trappers' annual dinner recently in the tiny Canadian town of Bissett.

The full menu consisted of tomato juice, beavertail soup, wild rice, roast turkey (with cranberry, crabapple, gooseberry, chokeberry, mossberry, or mountain ash jellies as a dressing), rose-petal jam, pickled nasturtium pods, roast beaver, roast flying-squirrel, apple, raisin, and lemon pie, and coffee.

Trappers, of course, have hearty appetites and thoroughly appreciated the feast. So did the guests of honour—Mounties, Government inspectors, bush pilots, and the superintendent of the nearby Indian reservation.

WHALE OF A SHARK

A giant shark that is believed to live in Investigator Straits, on South Australia's coast, is being hunted in a yacht by the Governor of South Australia, Sir Willoughby Norrie.

Six professional fishermen claim to have seen this monster shark. They estimate that it is 30 feet long and weighs 3000 lbs., which is nearly half as big again as the world record shark, caught by another South Australian fisherman.

FALL OF A GIANT

The famous beech tree in the grounds of Newbattle Abbey, Roxburghshire, was a victim of the recent gales which swept Scotland.

Believed to have been planted by the monks of Newbattle about 450 years ago, the tree had a girth at the ground of 43 feet 8 inches. Everywhere it was well grown and well spread, the circumference of its foliage being fully 400 feet and its height some 110 feet.

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TESTING-TIME FOR THE COMMONWEALTH

By the CN Diplomatic Correspondent

THE greatest confederation of nations in world history is facing the severest test it has ever known. In the coming months the confederation of sister states known as the British Commonwealth of Nations will be warding off bankruptcy.

Plans discussed by their Ministers in London last month are already coming into operation. Others are being prepared.

Here are some of the ways in which the nations of the Commonwealth are tackling their vast, complicated problems:

AUSTRALIA: Experts have gone to the undeveloped North, particularly in the Kimberley Region, to examine conditions for beef farms that could supply all the meat necessary for Australia and provide an adequate surplus for Britain.

Roads, railways, ports, and wharves, even new towns, will be built eventually. The rest of the Dominion will help, and other countries will also be invited to invest in the projects.

IMMIGRANTS WELCOME

CANADA: Here is a land of unlimited possibilities. Her Ministers are going ahead with industrial expansion, and they want more immigrants than ever before. Even 300,000 a year would not be too many—and this is more than twice the number that went to Canada last year.

Great hopes are placed in a scheme to develop the St. Lawrence River for further trade.

NEW ZEALAND: More and more food and newsprint will be produced. Plans for increasing the wool output have been made. Ministers believe that the country's own economy is reaching a sound, healthy state. Mr. Sidney Holland, the Prime Minister, is a successful business man who turned his hand to politics, and believes in careful planning.

INDIA: Concern over the rate of dollar spending is bringing new economies. Australia is going to help with food, and India—eased of some of the constant worry of feeding her millions—is to make more machinery. **PAKISTAN** is also planning big development projects.

AFRICA: During the next five years Britain will almost double her rate of investment in the African colonies. Dollars from

America will be welcomed in the drive to open up undeveloped territories for the benefit of those who live there and for the rest of the world.

Copper, lead, coal, vast farms, hydro-electric plants are part of the plans already being worked out. In British West Africa, where more and more economic progress is being made, the Africans are being given new opportunities to choose the governments that suit them best, and to govern themselves.

In all the countries of the Commonwealth the great effort is gathering pace. The difficulties are still tremendous, and the results of all the work will take time to show themselves.

For one thing, much money is needed for such vast developments, but there is confidence that the dollar countries, of which the U.S. is the chief, will gradually become aware of the importance of sharing in these enterprises.

For all the Western democracies a strong British Commonwealth is a further guarantee of peace in the world, and defence plans are not flagging. Under the defence system that has grown up since the last war, regional pacts to deter a possible aggressor nation are becoming a rampart for peace.

STRONG LINKS

Inside the Commonwealth, Britain provides the link with Europe. Canada, in the dollar area, and herself a dollar country, is the strongest link with the U.S. Australia and New Zealand also have a regional pact with America to safeguard the Pacific. The Union of South Africa has promised to keep watch and ward in that continent and its approaches.

The welcome extended to the King by Dr. Malan, the Prime Minister of South Africa, and the receptions accorded to Princess Elizabeth on her royal tours are signs of the strong bonds between the Commonwealth countries. And they are good auguries for the future.

SHORTHAND-TYPIST PRINCESS

Few of the delegates to the recent European Movement Conference at Church House, Westminster, realised that a quiet, dark-haired young shorthand-typist who helped some of them with their office work was really a princess.

She was 21-year-old Princess Claudia Habsburg - Lothringen, Princess of Florence, great-niece of the ex-Kaiser of Germany.

"I have come here because I want to help the European Movement," she told a CN correspondent during a ten-minute break from the work of the Conference.

One of her chief tasks during the

meetings at Church House was to show delegates—scores of them had been exiled from countries behind the Iron Curtain—where they could get copies of the resolutions down for discussion at the conference.

Princess Claudia prefers to be called Miss, and a look almost of concern came into her eyes whenever anyone addressed her as Princess.

She studied at Dublin's National University before coming to London, and is becoming proficient at secretarial work; but she still hopes one day to go to Italy and study art.

Votes cast by whisper

Thirty million people have recently taken part in a great "whispering campaign." But it has been to their benefit, for out of it will come law and order, a free parliament, and a people's right to govern themselves.

When Britain decided to set Nigeria on the road to self-government the question immediately arose: How can a free and unhindered vote be secured in a country where 90 per cent of the people can neither read nor write?

The answer to the problem was found in an age-old Eastern method. Since the days of Mohammed certain illiterate Arab tribes have selected their holy men by whispering the name of their

Up and over



Leap-frog is not only good fun; it is good for limbering up, as these young members of the Spartan Ladies' A.C. well know.

choice in the ear of the sheik; and this was the method adopted in Nigeria.

It was not an easy method in a country seven times the size of England, and it took considerably longer than the usual method of voting by ballot paper; but it worked.

First of all, primary elections were held to choose candidates. These started last summer and were completed by the end of the year. Each of the many thousands of villages in Nigeria was visited by a returning officer, whose arrival was signalled by the beat of tom toms, summoning the people to record their "whispers."

The voters were then lined up before the returning officer, who sat at a table in the open, and one by one they were called up to whisper the name of their choice in the official's ear. As an additional check, another official listened.

From these primary elections members were chosen to represent the regions in the central House of Representatives at Lagos. More recently Nigeria's first Council of Ministers received their portfolios.

The Nigerian experiment has been watched with interest throughout Africa.

News From Everywhere

FOR THE ROAD-WARY

Children in Stoke Newington who show special intelligence when crossing the road are to get a free cinema pass under a police scheme started by Chief-Inspector Stevenson.

London's only shepherdess, 80-year-old Mrs. Lily Mortimer, has presented her crook to the Mayor of Finchley as a reminder of the days when she tended sheep on Hampstead Heath.

When a 300-year-old beech tree at Ardara, County Donegal, was blown down, 56 lbs. of honey were found in natural beehives in its branches.

About 4000 barrels of herring, cured during the East Anglian autumn season, are going to the Russian zone of Germany in return for 10,000 tons of fertiliser.

The first motor-car claimed to be entirely of Chinese manufacture was recently on show at Tientsin.

BLACK MONTH

There were 563 road deaths in Britain last November, 75 of them children. This was the worst month for seven years.

The Freedom of Ripon has been conferred on Dr. C. H. Moody, who has been organist and master of the choristers at Ripon Cathedral for 50 years.

A bottle containing a letter thrown by a Sheffield boy into the sea off Spurn Head last August has been picked up by the son of a Danish fisherman at Klitmøller.

The director of the Fels Planetarium at Philadelphia estimates that the present cost of building a rocket ship capable of reaching the moon would be about £70,000,000. Half this sum would be needed for preparatory research work.

HAPPY DAYS

Mr. G. W. Chapman, of Harrogate, grateful for 50 years of watching Yorkshire County cricket, has given £100 to start a fund to help old professionals in the county.

A Bradford garage proprietor and his co-driver have driven a Hillman Minx from London to Cape Town in 21 days 19 hours and 45 minutes, beating the previous record for the 10,500-mile run by more than two days.

USING WASTE

A campaign to recover and use waste materials from Britain's chemical industries has been started by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research.

Dawdon Colliery, County Durham, is experimenting with steel pit props which can be raised or lowered under hydraulic pressure.

The Mont Blanc tunnel scheme will be the first public works to benefit by the Road Investment Fund recently created by the French Parliament. It is hoped that a start will be made this year.

An all-aluminium skyscraper is to be built in Pittsburgh, U.S.

NEW SKYWAY

The Australian Department of Civil Aviation is studying a proposal for an alternative all-British air route to Australia through Mombasa, the Seychelles, Diego Garcia, and Cocos Island to Perth.

Grants totalling £47,850 have been approved by King George's Jubilee Trust for distribution this year to 33 youth organisations.

Free passes for a year to the Hackney Borough swimming pool have been awarded to children who have passed their life-saving tests.

The Highways Committee of the Chelsea Borough Council are urging the imposition of a five-m.p.h. speed limit in children's play streets.

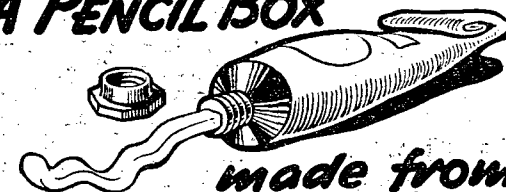
LEFT-OVERS

A private member's Bill is to be presented in the House of Commons to authorise traders to sell goods left with them for repair and abandoned by their owners. It is estimated that shoe repairers hold some 450,000 uncollected pairs of shoes.

Cader Ifan Goch (Red John's Seat), a rocky outcrop on the eastern slopes of the Conway Valley, eight miles south of Conway, has been given to the National Trust by the Holiday Fellowship, to whom it was bequeathed by an unknown donor.

The London National Savings Week, postponed last year because of the Election, is to be held from March 15 to 22.

A PENCIL BOX



made from
TOOTH PASTE?

WELL—HARDLY, BUT DO YOU KNOW THAT THE SAME IDEA OF SQUEEZING PLASTIC THROUGH A SHAPED HOLE IS USED? EACH PIECE OF YOUR ROLINX LID WAS ONCE PART OF A MILE-LONG STRIP SQUIRTED HOT FROM A NOZZLE, CUT TO LENGTH AND HOOKED TO THE NEXT TO FORM A CHAIN.

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The Children's Newspaper, February 9, 1952

MUSEUM PIECE IN THE PANTRY

"A unique example of a Bronze Age burial beaker" is how the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford has described one of its new exhibits, which, but for a chance remark, would still be on the pantry shelf where it has stood for nine years. It was found by Mr. Haynes, the former postmaster of Sibford Gower, near Banbury, while digging in a quarry at Little Roll-right in 1942.

He took it home, cleaned it, and, not realising its importance, stood it on the pantry shelf. Remarkably recently on his find to the village doctor, Dr. H. Taylor, who is also an archaeologist, the beaker was at once recognised, with the result that it has now passed into the possession of the Ashmolean Museum.

The beaker, of the type found in barrows of about 1550 B.C., is about eight inches high, attractively ornamented with a herring-bone design, and is in perfect condition.

MARCHING ONWARD

The Salvation Army this year celebrates 70 years of work in Sweden.

Tremendous developments there have been made since 1882, when the first heroic little band met with such bitter opposition that the police decreed that they should not hold meetings after dark.

In 1932, when the Salvation Army celebrated its jubilee at the Stockholm Concert House, the King of Sweden was among those who stood while the faded colours used by the pioneers were carried into the hall.

The 70th anniversary of the Salvation Army's "invasion" of Switzerland and Canada also falls this year.

BRITAIN'S LATEST LOCOMOTIVE

Britain's most powerful diesel mechanical engine hauled its first passenger train recently on a run from Derby to Manchester.

The locomotive has four 500 h.p. engines, and has a maximum speed of 78 m.p.h. This type of engine is considered to have advantages over even the diesel electric engine. It has more pulling power and supplies steam-heating for the carriages.

Built at Derby locomotive works, it can be driven by any experienced steam-engine driver, and is so simple and clean to work that he could wear his best suit.

PLOUGHING CHAMPIONS

Canada's horse-ploughing champion, E. Eugene Timbers, is to take part in the North of Ireland International Ploughing Match at Belfast on February 13. He is 18, and with him will be Canada's tractor-ploughing champion, 24-year-old Norman S. Tyndall.

The youngest team ever to represent the Dominion in a ploughing competition overseas, they are spending four weeks in Britain as the prize-winners in the International Ploughing Match at Woodstock, Canada. The tour has been sponsored by the Esso Petroleum Company.

JAPANESE CAVE SCHOOL

Near Yokohama, in Japan, there is a children's kindergarten where 180 children daily disappear into a hillside of solid rock, like boys and girls in Hamelin long ago.

As far back as 1929, Mr. Takamasa Mutsu-ura decided to construct a school of a type that might have existed in the Stone Age. Single-handed, he began his excavations into the hard rock. It was strenuous work, and often, with the few light tools at his disposal, he hardly made an inch of progress.

But he kept on, and by 1948 he had cut a hole big enough for a large class of children. Now there are five separate rooms in this kindergarten, occupying 200 square yards and including a classroom, dining-room, wash-room, nursery, and parlour.

Altogether it is a delightful place; moreover it is cool in the hot Japanese summer, and also warm in winter.

IT WAS A DOIT

During recent excavations at Peterhead, Aberdeenshire, workmen unearthed a coin dated 1629 which has been identified as a duit from Overijssel, a province in the east of Holland.

A duit, or doit, although a Dutch coin, was current in Scotland during the reigns of the Stuarts, and is a link with the days when Dutch fishermen frequented that part of the east coast of Scotland. Its small value gave rise to the saying, "I don't care a doit."

RIGHT PLACE FOR A HOARD

As a dog is with a bone, so are some people with a newspaper. They "put it away carefully" because "there is something in it they want to keep." Then they proceed to forget all about that "something."

That is how newspapers accumulate in odd corners until someone else decides to make a clean sweep.

If you have a newspaper-hoarder in your house, make sure that the hoard eventually goes into the waste-paper salvage sack.

Learning the ropes



Six Yorkshire lassies have taken on the job of bellringers at Holy Trinity church, Holmfirth. Here are two of them getting to know the ropes.



Commando climbing is fun

Five of these Fulham children find plenty of fun on the Commando climbing ropes which have been set up in the new playground in Normand Park. The sixth member of the party is not so sure that she is enjoying it.

SON OF CETEWAYO

The recent death in a small Zululand hospital of Chief Manzol Wandle recalled the Zulu wars of last century, for he was the last surviving son of Cetewayo. This powerful Zulu chieftain defeated the British forces at the disastrous battle of Isandhlwana on January 22, 1879, but was repulsed on the same day by a handful of British soldiers at Rorke's Drift, and was eventually vanquished at Ulundi.

Manzol Wandle lived until the last few weeks of his life in an ordinary Zulu kraal of beehive huts surrounded by a stockade. Like his father, he grew in later years to an immense size, tipping the scales at more than 21 stone.

GIRLS' OWN PLANE

Grey Dove is the aircraft of the Women's Junior Air Corps which is flown to different parts of Britain every weekend to give flights to girl cadets. It is already booked for over 50 engagements during next summer, starting at Croydon Aerodrome on April 5.

The programme of Grey Dove is arranged by tall, good-looking ex-Ferry Pilot Freydis Leaf, who has just been appointed Aviation Officer to the corps.

Miss Leaf has 1500 hours' flying to her credit in Mosquitoes, Wellingtons, Typhoons, Tempests, and Spitfires. She has also spent two years at De Havillands, and has produced a book on elementary meteorology for the Air Rangers.

ROMAN LINCOLN'S WATER LIFT

Photographs taken by airmen have revealed that the Roman colony of Lincoln had a piped supply of pure water nearly 2000 years ago. Even more interesting is the discovery that this water was supplied to Lincoln by hydraulic pressure.

The remains already found indicate that the pressure pipe was carried overhead near the source, and it is expected that the actual remains of a water tower and of the means used to raise the water will be found in due course.

SCIENCE AIDS THE MAP-MAKER

A United Nations publication explains how map-making has become an exact science, employing the most modern instruments for measuring and taking photographs.

Radar and other electrical devices are regularly used for mapping. Helicopters are employed for field work, and aerial photographs are increasingly used in geological survey.

New modes of travel demand new kinds of maps and charts, and the map-maker of today is no longer a "... nomadic, rugged individual who tramped the countryside, and spent much of his time plodding up steep mountains or splashing across swamps."

This new publication is called World Cartography.

SOUVENIR STONES

On a bombed site near St. Paul's Cathedral stand two sheds to which is brought all the stonework from blitzed City buildings. Each day a small crowd gathers to watch as a giant mechanical saw cuts through York, Bath, and Portland blocks as easily as a knife cuts butter.

The contractors recut the plain stones for use in rebuilding, but the carved stonework finds a ready market, without much treatment.

Many of the finest fragments, such as sculptured pinnacles, are from ruined Wren churches, and these are snapped up by American and Canadian visitors as souvenirs of old London.

IF you are always fit and vigorous it is so much easier to be successful in games and in your schoolwork. To ensure such health and vigour you will find 'Ovaltine' a great help.

'Ovaltine' is a really delicious beverage, prepared from Nature's best foods. It provides important nutritive elements which do so much to build up nerves and brain and to create reserves of strength and energy.

Remind mother to put 'Ovaltine' on her shopping list and be sure you make it your regular daily beverage. Remember that 'Ovaltine' also has the advantage of being naturally sweet so that there is no need to add sugar.

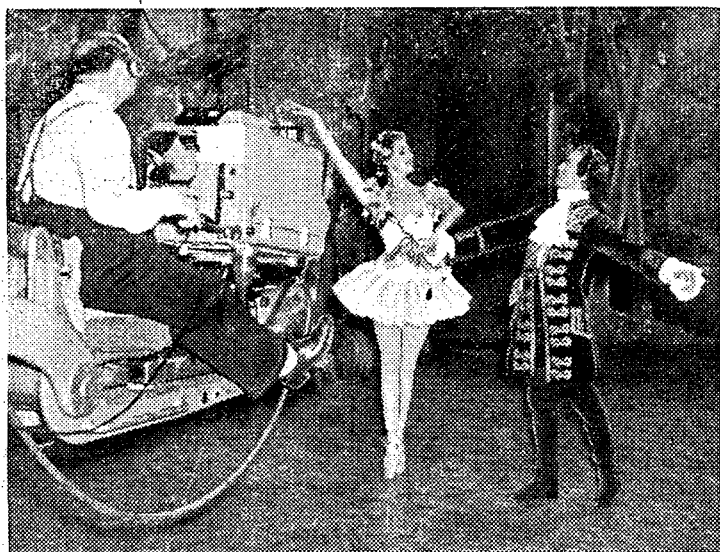
OVALTINE TABLETS

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OVALTINE

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Focus on fantasy

A mobile television camera is here seen "shooting" a scene from the Sleeping Princess ballet at Shepherd's Bush studios. The cameraman is a son of William Friese-Green, the inventor of the cinematograph.

REBEL AT RUGBY SCHOOL

Rugby School has acquired a letter written by Walter Savage Landor shortly after he had been taken away by his parents at the headmaster's request.

It was at Rugby that Landor, a generous but fiery-tempered person, started on his career of contention. He went there in 1785, when he was ten, and was soon in trouble. For instance, he was fond of fishing with a net, and when a farmer objected to his

trespassing young Walter deftly caught the irate man in his net.

He was, however, a studious lad and excelled in composing Latin verses. But when the headmaster, Dr. Thomas James, looked through his verses to select the best, Walter thought he had chosen the worst; and this made him so angry that in writing a fair copy of the chosen lines he added some rude ones about Dr. James. Later he wrote more Latin verses ridiculing the headmaster, and the patient doctor asked his parents to take him away.

The letter which Rugby has acquired was written shortly after he left. He was quite unrepentant. "I burn with anger," he wrote, "when I consider that so insignificant a thing as James should occasion in my heart so great anxiety. I said in my last letter I should have a speech against him printed. I would if I could."

SENT DOWN

When Landor was 18 he went to Oxford and became interested in politics — something short-tempered people should avoid. One day he fired a gun at the shuttered window of a political opponent, a Tory student, who was entertaining friends at the time, and for this was "sent down" for a year. Asked to return, he huffily refused.

During the rest of his life—and he lived to be 89—his violent temper constantly involved him in trouble, yet he was essentially a kindly, lovable man, with many friends who recognised his better qualities, and appreciated his talents. Certainly his talents were considerable, and he left some undying verse, as in these lines in which, towards the end, he summed up his life's journey:

*I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.
Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art:
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.*

Rugby forgave Landor long ago, and there is a memorial to him in the school chapel.

In the Air

By the C N Flying Correspondent

Brakes for jets

THE fledgling jet pilot must learn not only how fast he can fly, but how quickly he can slow down.

The smooth, flowing lines of jet planes give the least possible drag, and the slowing-down process would be exceptionally difficult if it were not for the air brakes which are now standard equipment on the latest R.A.F. machines.

The brakes consist of metal panels or small "fingers" which protrude from the wings or fuselage to cause drag, and are used mainly during descent.

Jets normally operate high up in the thin atmosphere, where the engines use less fuel. When the time comes for the pilot to land he cannot afford to descend slowly from 50,000 feet, which would probably mean burning fuel at the rate of about ten gallons a minute — neither can he go into a high-speed vertical dive.

All modern jets are capable of supersonic speeds in steep dives, though the speeds may be beyond their structural strength. Designers, therefore, have had to fit brakes to enable them to dive at a more reasonable rate.

Jetville, U.S.A.

ON an area of desert land at Palmdale, California, the U.S. Air Force will test its fast new jet planes, and so far 30 million dollars have been earmarked for its development. New machines will eventually take-off from here at the rate of one every nine minutes both day and night.

Lockheed engineers at "Jetville" have already started testing the new F-94, the radar-equipped offspring of the Shooting Star.

Sweden's first delta

A SWEDISH newcomer to the growing field of delta-wing jets is the tiny Draken (meaning Kite). It is the seventh known type of delta-wing aircraft in the world to fly and is powered by a British Armstrong-Siddeley Adder turbo-jet.

Mainly intended for research purposes at relatively low speeds, the Draken will provide information for the design of a twin-jet fighter.

The last Anson

PRODUCTION of the historic Avro Anson—one of Britain's best-known aircraft—will cease when No. 11,650 leaves Manchester shortly.

It was in 1936 that Ansons first went into service and "modernised" R.A.F. reconnaissance squadrons. Early on the war Ansons, with huge mid-upper turrets, helped to guard our coastlines.

They were later adapted for training aircrew and as transports and ambulances. After the war the Anson emerged as a successful short-range airliner, freighter, and photographic survey machine.

Next week, says the C N Astronomer, we may see . . .

NEW COMET APPROACHING

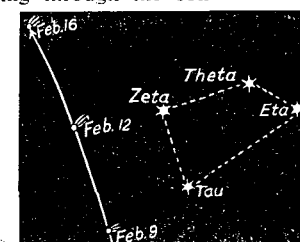
Partial eclipse of the Moon

A COMET is now approaching our northern sky from the south, and it may be possible to glimpse it with the aid of field-glasses or binoculars next week.

It is very faint (between six and seven magnitude) and will become even fainter. Thus another cometary visitor will fail to provide anything resembling those grand spectacles which adorned the skies in the last century, but have been singularly absent from this one.

Halley's Comet in 1910 and the so-called "Daylight Comet" in the same year have been the only ones that have presented any fine display during this century. Observers in southern latitudes, however, have been a little more fortunate.

The present visitor, known as the "Wilson-Harrington 1951 i Comet," was discovered in the far south; and for the past month has been speeding northwards. It is now in the south-west sky, travelling through the constellation of



Cetus, where it appears in the early evening.

Our star-map shows the comet's progress during next week, after which it will become so faint as to need telescopic aid.

The comet's present position is very low in the south-west sky, where it may possibly be glimpsed, if it is clear of mist, until about 7 o'clock.

The four stars of Cetus (Zeta, Theta, Tau, and Eta), which form that distinctive outline so similar in size and shape to the one in the Plough portion of Ursa Major may be readily identified, and will be a good guide to the location of the comet. It will look like a very small patch of luminous mist, oval in shape, and will change its position considerably each evening.

This is the ninth comet to have

appeared in our skies during the last 12 months, but none of them has provided anything of a spectacle or been visible to our unaided eyes.

There was nothing in 1951 to compare even remotely with the glory of the Great Comet of 1843, which had a tail that stretched across the sky like a searchlight and was long enough to cross the Earth's orbit from side to side; or the Great Comet of 1811, with a brilliant head larger than the Sun; or the grand spectacle of the Great Comet of 1861, with a tail that at one time covered a large portion of the northern heavens.

Nevertheless, such cometary apparitions may occur again at any time. They come from beyond the limits of the Solar System and are always unexpected, though one is now long overdue.

The small and faint comets which have recently come our way all belong to a "Great Family of Comets" which travel chiefly between the orbit of Jupiter and the region of the Sun. There are probably at least 500 of them which individually appear and reappear at intervals of about three to seven years.

The finding and refinding of these Jovian Comets constitutes an astronomical "sport." Sometimes the comets never reappear, or become so transformed as to raise most interesting problems.

A SMALL portion of the Moon will pass into the Earth's shadow very late in the evening of February 10. This will produce a partial eclipse of the lower portion of the Moon's disc, rather less than one-tenth being obscured.

The first trace of the penumbra, or partial shade, may be seen about 10.30 p.m. near the bottom of the Lunar disc. This dusiness occurs where only part of the Sun is hidden by the Earth—that is, as seen from the Moon.

It will increase until midnight, when, at three minutes past, the dark shadow, or umbra, will appear. For the next 75 minutes it will creep over the lower portion of the Moon, and the eclipse will end at 1.15 a.m. G. F. M.

Telescope from scrap metal

Most of us who are interested in astronomy have to borrow field-glasses or find someone who has a telescope. But Trevor Hill, aged 16, of Farningham, Kent, decided to build his own reflecting telescope.

Making a telescope from scratch is indeed an undertaking. Trevor searched round for likely oddments and eventually assembled enough scrap metal, and some brass tubing for the case.

It took him three months to make in his spare time, and he set it up in his back garden, where he is seen adjusting it.

He is not yet satisfied, however, and plans to build a more powerful one.



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The Children's Newspaper, February 9, 1952

ROUND THE TOWNS—Alan Ivimey
pays a visit to England's Farthest East...

LOWESTOFT

ENGLAND'S most easterly town, ten miles south of Great Yarmouth and 113 north-east from London, is, at the same time, a famous holiday resort, one of our foremost fishing ports, and an industrial centre. (If you examine the bodywork of the next provincial bus you ride in you will quite likely find it was built at Lowestoft.)

As soon as you get out of the train the smell of herrings and salt water assails the nostrils, and without even leaving the station you can see the masts of drifters and trawlers. And while the train is approaching the town it runs beside the banks of Lake Lothing, on whose shores the new industrial area is mainly built.

One final touch completes the introduction by rail. On the left of the line, about a mile from the station, is a little mere with an island in the centre, a fringe of reeds, and wild-fowl swimming on the surface—a miniature of the Broadland scene to which Lowestoft is one of the principal gateways.

Altogether, and despite the changes of war and industry, Lowestoft remains a pleasantly small town of only 43,000 people, and you never lose the feeling of being close between the Broads and the sea.

THE port was begun in 1831 by cutting a lock through the bank separating Lake Lothing from the North Sea, and later building a system of docks just south of the sandy bulge of Lowestoft Ness, a favourite resort of herring, mackerel, and cod. Thus the town's traditional industry was turned, in a few years, from just local longshore fishing in open boats to deep-sea fishing, first in brown-sailed "smacks," then in steam and later in diesel drifters and trawlers.

With the building of the harbour the old town to the north, on the top of a 100-foot hill, soon spread out to meet the new docks.

Then the railway reached the town in the 1840s. Trains brought visitors from all over East Anglia and an entirely new extension, South Lowestoft, began to grow up along the coast.



Lowestoft is an attractive holiday resort as well as an important fishing port. On the left is a corner of the long beach and the South Pier; and, right, the Yacht Basin

Thus it came, about that the borough, as one sees it now, became divided in two by the lock cut through the old sea bank, and by the length of Lake Lothing. This means that whatever you happen to be doing in Lowestoft a certain amount of your time must be spent in waiting for the swing bridge, joining North and South Lowestoft, to open.

In a recent year it was found that this little bridge opened 6033 times (between 16 and 17 times a day) and let 11,325 vessels in or out of Lake Lothing.

IF you climb the hill in North Lowestoft, following the road to Yarmouth, you get an idea of how a little coast town of some 2000 souls, living round their market-place on the top of the cliffs, grew to become a prosper-

ous holiday resort with about 75,000 visitors every August.

Where the old road narrows near the top you are in the region of the old town, where Old Nelson Street joins High Street. The latter still keeps some houses of the old days, particularly two of the 16th century, built of beautifully squared flints, though these, alas, have been tarred over.

Nearly all the streets, except High Street, run from inland towards the sea. High Street runs almost along the cliff brow, and from thence downwards to the wide foreshore, called the Denes, go narrow lanes often too steep for wheeled traffic, and known as Scores.

The old way of paving them to give a non-slip surface was with flint pebbles picked from the beach, where the sea had worn them roughly egg-shaped. I have



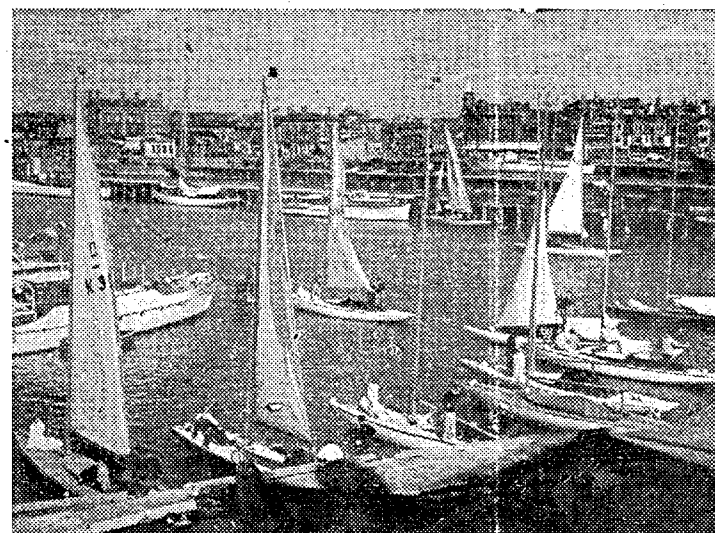
Part of the herring catch being landed

never seen anything quite like the Lowestoft Scores anywhere else in England.

There is Rant's Score, Maltsters' Score, Crown Score, and so on, and on the Denes to which they lead are to be found the nets being dried on big wooden rails. But in the old days all the net and sail-making was done on the Denes, the fish were cured there, and the fishing boats built there as well.

One thing, though, has not changed about the Denes. On my last visit there were still some, at least, of the merry Scottish girls to be seen busily gutting herrings. These lassies invade Lowestoft every autumn during the herring season.

THE climax of the Old Town is the High Light, 120 feet above sea-level. This lighthouse, on the



highest point above Lowestoft Ness, replaced a beacon tower in 1676.

Naturally the structure has been repaired and altered since, but they still preserve the coat of arms of that famous man Samuel Pepys, "Father of the British Admiralty," in whose term of office the lighthouse was first built.

Not long before this, Cromwell had stayed in the Swan at the top of Mariners' Score to deal with "malignants" in Lowestoft. And it was to this same old Lowestoft that John Adams, second President of the United States, came from Holland in 1785, to be first American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

It was in this Lowestoft, too, that the famous china factory was founded in 1756, and from then till 1800 produced those delicate pieces of "Lowestoft" for which collectors still seek.

LOWESTOFT'S fine 14th-century parish church does not stand, as you would expect, in the midst of the old town, but out in the fields at the back. The reason may be that the site is about the highest in the neighbourhood, with the tower commanding a view over Lake Lothing and up the slopes of Kirkley to the south.

The town school, founded by a citizen in 1570, used to stand at the east end. Among its pupils were those Lowestoft admirals who gained fame in the 17th and 18th centuries against the Dutch and the Spaniards.

But Lowestoft has been fighting another sort of war ever since it became a seaside resort a century ago. There has been a continual battle for territory with the North Sea.

The bulge of sand called Lowestoft Ness is subjected to a scouring action by the tide, which sets up a strong current north and south along the beach. Sand is taken out to sea on one tide and deposited off Kirkley by the next.

Between 1903 and 1949 nearly a million pounds have been spent on sea walls and breakwaters. Yet the Denes have

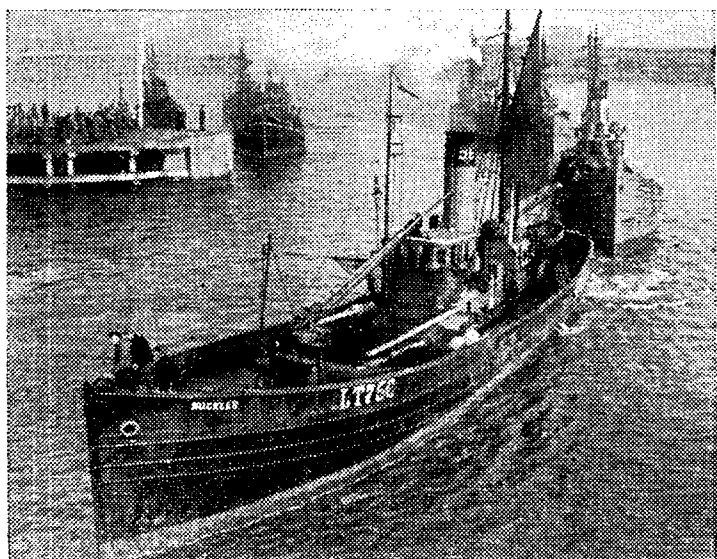
lost an appreciable strip of foreshore in the last decade or so, largely owing to the impossibility of maintaining the sea wall in war time. Steps have since been taken to check the encroachment of the sea and a new North Wall has now been finished.

For many years the shape of the town was rather like that of a mandoline, North Lowestoft representing the body of the instrument and South Lowestoft the neck. But now, inland from this neck, the new industrial Lowestoft is spreading out towards Oulton Broad, with new roads and a fine new school and factories built on reclaimed marshes south of the lake.

THE holiday industry has been handicapped since the war by delay in handing back to the town property requisitioned by naval and military authorities, with the result that Lowestoft had a bad start compared with more fortunate seaside towns.

The new industrial district, offering regular hours and time off, is a serious counter-attraction to the traditional tough, seafaring life of Lowestoft boys. So the Navigation Department of the town's Technical Institute now runs special courses for training boys, when they leave school, for the fishing fleet. Besides navigation, seamanship, net-making, and marine biology, the course includes English, geography, and civics.

So in these and in other ways Lowestoft, first town in England to see the dawn every day, faces what will surely be a bright and prosperous future.



The herring drifter fleet puts to sea



Students learn sea navigation in the Technical Institute at Lowestoft.

Children's Newspaper

John Carpenter House
Whitefriars · London · EC4
FEBRUARY 9 1952

SAME PATH

IN his historic speech to Congress, Mr. Churchill once again stressed the paramount importance of unity between Britain and America.

These were his memorable words. "Bismarck once said that the supreme fact of the nineteenth century was that Britain and the United States spoke the same language. Let us make sure that the supreme fact of the twentieth century is that they tread the same path."

As long ago as 1864, when the American Civil War was raging and relations between the two countries were strained, an American graduate named W. Everett foretold their ultimate unity. He was lecturing at Boston:

Fellow citizens, there is a work, a mighty work, in the united action of England and America. What power on earth can resist two such mighty energies, leading to some future Chattanooga of liberty—the whole vast army of the Saxon name in one unbroken charge along the entire line, circling the flanks, breasting the heights, and thundering down the farther slope on the scattering rabble of darkness?

THE lecturer was referring to a recent Federal victory, but both he and Mr. Churchill had the same vision of linked destinies of two nations united in guarding the bright flame of freedom and spreading civilisation in the dark corners of the world. Along the same path must Britain and America travel; along the path of peace and service to all mankind.

Under the Editor's Table

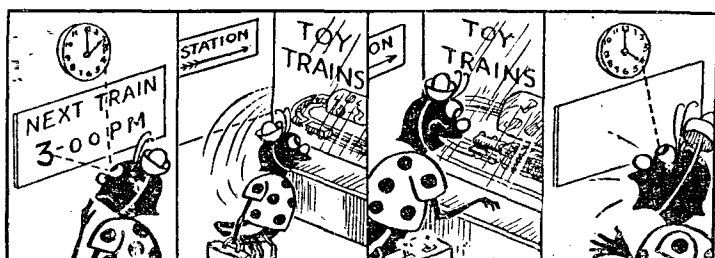
Some people can always choose the right present for a friend. It is a gift.

A heart-shaped face is thought to be attractive. We prefer the face-shaped ones.

All that you need to ride a bicycle is confidence. And a bicycle.

Many modern girls are not fond of their needle. Cannot see eye to eye with it.

BILLY BEETLE



BACKWARDESE

QUARTERMASTERS in the Army, responsible for supplies, have their own official jargon for listing things; like this: "Socks, grey, woollen, pairs, six."

Apparently the same kind of Looking-Glass language is used in the American Army. A U.S. Government Commission has pointed out that when the Army simply wants coloured pencils, it orders: "Pencils, wood cased, lead, coloured, drawing, thin diameter, assorted, 24 to box."

Let us hope this mode of expression does not spread to our schools; on these lines, for instance: "Who left a book, literature, English, schoolboys for the use of, behind the board, black?"

The poor old lion

YOUNG people who are weary of hearing pessimists croaking that Britain's day is over may be comforted by the thought that much the same thing was being said 100 years ago.

The Times recently reprinted extracts from an article which appeared in its columns early in 1852. It was written by "An Englishman" and expressed in no uncertain terms his dim view of the country's decline.

"The British lion! His seedy representative may be seen in the van of some itinerant menagerie, with hog mane, rat tail, bandy legs and clawless paws, the strenuous result of official doctoring and cribbing."

Nothing was right. The Government was attacked as "an infirmary, a ward for decayed statesmen." The Colonial Office "has succeeded to a miracle in giving dissatisfaction to the colonies." The Admiralty "have shown that they can neither build a ship nor victual her. It remains to be seen if they can fight or man her."

The pessimists are always with us, alas! Fortunately they are nearly always wrong.

PETER PUCK
WANTS TO
KNOW

If a piano
is a sound
investment

Three school friends have joined together to work an allotment. All growing girls.

Some children like to try their hands at mixing a pudding. A spoon is better.



The Editor's Table

A later August Bank Holiday

A BILL is to be brought before Parliament to establish an August Bank Holiday late in the month.

It seems a good idea. It would relieve overcrowding on the railways and at resorts during the peak of the holiday season. It would also shorten the long period between August Bank Holiday and Christmas, for although hard work is needed from all our people in these difficult times, holidays are essential if they are to give of their best.

From the young people's point of view, a family day-off at the end of August would make a fitting climax to the holidays.

WELSH AS HOMEWORK



This 12-year-old maid from Tanganyika, Margaret Karua, now living in a remote Glamorganshire village, has found no difficulty in learning the Welsh language, although her mother-tongue is Swahili.

Thirty years ago

SHACKLETON has gone on his last Quest. He died on his little ship on the fifth day of this year, and the news has come late through the breakdown of the wireless on the Quest. The end of his triumphant life of exploring came with startling suddenness. One night the leader of the Quest was unwell; at half-past three the next morning, when off South Georgia, he sank rapidly and passed within three minutes out into the vast Unknown.

From the Children's Newspaper, February 11, 1922

ETERNAL VIGILANCE

Chance will not do the work.
Chance sends the breeze;
But if the pilot slumber at the helm,
The very wind that wafts us
towards the port
May dash us on the shoals.
The steersman's part
Is vigilance, or blow it rough
or smooth.
Ben Jonson

JUST AN IDEA

As Byron wrote:
All who joy would win
Must share it—Happiness was
born a twin.

SNOWMAKERS

A WINTER with no snow seems a dull one to most young people. Their hearts leap up when they see the snow from their bedroom windows, like Wordsworth's when he beheld a rainbow in the sky. Grown-ups grumble, but this means fun for the young—snowballing of course, and tobogganing too, if we know anyone who has a sledge, and can find a convenient slope.

There may be grown-ups, however, still young enough in heart to enjoy the snow. Such, we suspect, were the Italian scientists at Turin who recently tried to produce snow artificially by sending up balloons carrying a certain chemical to explode at the right heights.

The balloons went up and went off, but with no result. Dismally the young Turin folk watched the weather clear. Worse still, the weather played them a mean trick by snowing naturally at Milan and other cities which are not far off.

A boy's debt to his mother

DAVID GREIG, who died recently at the age of 86, was a typical Scot; a man who won success through sheer hard work and concentration of purpose. But like most successful men he owed his initial success to a mother's devotion.

When he was a tiny lad, David Greig's mother opened a shop in Hornsey to add to her husband's meagre wages. It was a humble shop, but it achieved its purpose and gave the children a good start in life.

Inspired by his mother's example, David Greig started a shop of his own when he was 22, and in due course many more—200 of them.

In the days of his wealth, he never forgot the needy. Neither did he ever forget that little shop in Hornsey where he had helped Mother, and from her learned the guiding principles of fair dealing from which he never swerved.

THINGS SAID

"AGRICULTURE is defence" is a phrase that is accepted in war and is forgotten in peace.
President, National Farmers' Union

IN Rhodesia we don't mind talking of the Empire.
Sir Godfrey Huggins

WE must pay our way and we must be seen to be paying our way.
Mr. Anthony Eden

AN American or Dominion visitor travelling here by British ship or plane, is worth just as much in foreign currency as the export value of the average British car.
Sir Alexander Maxwell, chairman, British Travel Association

I BELIEVE that the rainfall in Paris is almost exactly the same as in London, and yet there and throughout northern France it is always possible on a fine day to find somewhere to lunch or dine out of doors.
Mr. Hopkinson, Secretary for Overseas Trade

I UNDERSTAND that in autograph currency a Sedgman signature equals six High Commissioners, and a Bradman is equivalent to half a Cabinet.
Mr. T. W. White, Australian High Commissioner

Young climbers wanted

A CALL has gone out to tough young men willing to be trained for an assault on Mount Everest. The Royal Geographical Society has asked climbing and rambling clubs to nominate suitable candidates; and they must be men who have shown a real determination in Alpine mountaineering, regardless of conditions.

The selected recruits will go out to the Himalayas in March and practise climbing at heights of over 20,000 feet. They will be under the leadership of Mr. Eric Shipton, who reconnoitred the southern approach to the mountain last year, and it is probable that two or three of them will join the expedition next year in a new attempt to reach the summit of Everest.

We may be sure there will be eager competition for the honour of joining Britain's doughty Everest team.



OUR HOMELAND

The River Exe as it passes through the Somerset village of Winsford

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

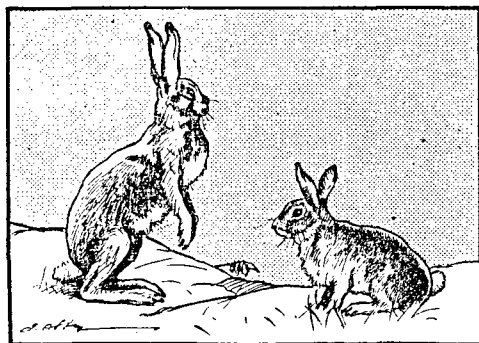
By THE HUT MAN

EVERYONE knows the Robin because of his red breast, and the Hedgehog because of his prickles, and the Holly because of its twisty spiky leaves. There are inhabitants of the countryside we can all name, for each has something about its appearance that is quite different from any other bird or animal or tree. A number of our wild creatures and wayside plants are of this easily-named type; but we must be careful, for sometimes we come across "twins"—pairs of creatures or plants which look very like one another and yet are quite different, sometimes not even related.

For example, are we quite sure of the difference between a snake and a slow-worm, which is a legless lizard? Or between the common wasp and a brightly-banded black-and-gold fly? Often, too, these puzzling "twins" will be found among our seemingly best-known animals and birds and

In their movements, and when resting, the difference is more marked still. Sprinting swiftly across a field the Rabbit's legs move rapidly, with an obvious up-and-down "bumping" movement of the hindquarters, whereas the Hare runs with a smooth, powerful leg action that carries him

along, seemingly without effort. When pausing for a short rest the Hare sits bolt upright, head raised and long ears cocked, the front legs clearly seen, the powerful hind legs gathered under him. The whole attitude is one of intense awareness and readiness for immediate action. Though the resting



plants, and then we must be very careful indeed.

What animal is better known than the rabbit, for instance; but are we certain of the difference between the rabbit and the hare? And would we never mistake a frog for a toad, a butterfly for a moth, a pine tree for a fir tree? No flower names are more familiar than dandelion, buttercup, and daisy, yet these names are often given to plants which should not bear such dearly-loved names at all.

Do we confuse them, these creatures and plants so often seen by the wayside and woodland, which look so much alike yet are not really the same? If so, this new series of talks in the CN may be helpful. In each talk we will select a pair of birds or animals, insects or plants, most likely to be seen during the month, and we will carefully consider them, noting the little identification points by means of which each one may be named, quickly and correctly.

LET us then consider two well-known but frequently confused animals which are out and about in this cold, wintry period of the year—the Rabbit and the Hare. These animals are similar in appearance, with warm, furry coats, long ears, long hind legs, short upturned white tails, and large prominent eyes. Once our attention has been drawn to them, however, the differences are obvious.

To begin with, the Hare is the larger animal, very much larger than the Rabbit, and with ears and legs even longer in proportion to size. The Hare, too, even when seen from quite a distance off, is definitely a reddish-brown creature, more warmly tinted than the greyish-brown Rabbit.

Rabbit also keeps a keen look-out, his stance is more leisurely, crouched closer to the ground, head sunk on shoulders, ears usually erect, but legs not noticeable.

Rabbits seldom feed farther than a hundred yards or so from the burrow, and, living underground, need race only that short distance to escape an enemy. The Hare, on the other hand, leads a life entirely above ground, and when chased must throw off his pursuer by speed and endurance.

Thus the hind legs and ears developed beyond those of the Rabbit, and the eyes became placed farther back in the head, enabling the Hare to watch the performance of his pursuer without slackening his own speed.

COXSWAIN'S DAUGHTER

When the two signal rockets burst over the fishing town of Campbeltown, Argyllshire, calling out the lifeboat City of Glasgow to some ship in distress, 17-year-old May Newlands always tunes in to the trawler waveband.

For May's father, Mr. Duncan Newlands, with 31 years' service in the R.N.L.I., is coxswain of the City of Glasgow which during the last few years has rescued more than 300 seafarers around the Mull of Kintyre.

Since her mother died, two years ago, May has been looking after her coxswain father, studying at the same time for entry next year to Glasgow University.

"While he is away at sea," she says, "I cook a hot meal for him and get dry clothes ready. Then I just wait—listening to the rescue on the trawler waveband."

But recently she spoke on the radio herself, to tell Children's Hour listeners of her pride in her father and his work.

MOTOR-RACING IS IMPORTANT

Can Britain, as a great manufacturing country, afford to let the technicians and drivers of other nations beat our racing cars year after year? This important question was dealt with in a recent lecture to the Royal Society of Arts given by Mr. Lawrence Pomeroy, technical editor of *The Motor*.

The efforts of our B.R.M. (British Racing Motor) have so far been disappointing. It has been financed by several car manufacturers working together, but as Mr. Pomeroy pointed out, the £200,000 spent on it during the past four years was not enough.

A well-known German firm has stated that when it produces a car for European international racing in 1954 it will have to spend £500,000 in a little over the first year.

Mr. Pomeroy gave several reasons why Britain has failed to shine in the great Continental motor races in which in recent years the Italians, with their Alfa Romeos and Ferraris, have won the laurels.

In the 90s of last century, when the motor-car was in its pioneer stage, there was already plenty of popular organised sport in Britain, so motor racing could have little attraction. But on the Continent there were virtually no public sporting spectacles, and motor racing immediately captured the people's imagination.

The first motor race was held in France in 1895 from Paris to Bordeaux and back. It was won by a French car, a Panhard, with an average speed of 15 m.p.h.! Only eight years later a Mors racing car achieved an average of no less than 65.3 m.p.h. between Paris and Madrid.

Owing to accidents, road races were afterwards confined to routes closed to other traffic; but motor racing has remained a highly popular sport on the Continent, and even in fair-sized towns the man in the street is given a first-hand taste of its thrill.

Mr. Pomeroy said that ace European drivers are heroes in the same sense that cricketers and footballers are in this country;

peasants in the Taurus Mountains or the Tuscany Plain debate the merits of Fangio today as against Nuvolari yesterday with the same eloquence that Britishers compare Compton with Hobbs.

Road-racing was obviously difficult in our overcrowded island, but we established the Brooklands race track. But by about 1925 motoring had changed from being a rich man's hobby to a pleasure for people of moderate means, and British manufacturers (despite many successes) lost most of their interest in speed and concentrated on the "family car."

They have since realised that it is essential for the prestige of their great industry that they should turn out a racing car which will be superior to any Continental type—hence the B.R.M.

Perhaps, as Mr. Pomeroy suggested, it will prove another case of Britain losing every battle but the last. Certainly, when it comes to the test, British cars and drivers can hold their own. This was amply demonstrated in the recent Monte Carlo rally.

CN National Handwriting Test

Awards
Value
£500THE BEE SAVES
FOR THE FUTURETHE SQUIRREL
HE SAVES TOOOver
1200
Prizes

ARE you in this great school handwriting competition yet? If not, read on! As already announced, this is the Fourth of our great nation-wide tests and is open to all schoolgirls and schoolboys under seventeen who are full-time pupils of schools and colleges in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, the Channel Islands, and Eire. Schools and teachers are invited to co-operate.

There is NO entrance fee. Each entrant is simply asked to copy the Test Passage (given on the special Entry Form) in the style of writing he or she is taught at school.

The Test Passage is a simple paragraph expressing the purpose and benefits of the National Savings Campaign. The Entry Forms are for issue only to schools, but each pupil's entry will be judged as his or her personal effort. Over 1200 prizes, totalling £500 in value, will be awarded for the best entries.

To give an equal opportunity to all, there are THREE AGE GROUPS with cash prizes for both pupils and schools—you can thus win for yourself and your school! Here is the full prize list:

GROUP A (for Pupils under 9)	GROUP B (Pupils of 9 to under 13)	GROUP C (Pupils of 13 to under 17)
FIRST PRIZES—	FIRST PRIZES—	FIRST PRIZES—
To the School £25	To the School £25	To the School £25
Prize-winning Pupil .. £5	Prize-winning Pupil .. £5	Prize-winning Pupil .. £5
SECOND PRIZES—	SECOND PRIZES—	SECOND PRIZES—
To the School £10	To the School £10	To the School £10
To the Pupil £3	To the Pupil £3	To the Pupil £3
THIRD PRIZES—	THIRD PRIZES—	THIRD PRIZES—
To the School £5	To the School £5	To the School £5
To the Pupil £2	To the Pupil £2	To the Pupil £2

200 Gold-Nibbed Fountain-Pens each engraved with the winner's name. 1000 Prizes of Savings Stamps to the value of 5s.

ALSO 10,000 AWARDS OF MERIT

A Certificate of Merit will be awarded to the pupil who sends the best entry from each school not represented in the above prize list.

Readers are asked carefully to note that entries must be made on the special free Entry Form issued only through schools. If you would like to enter, therefore, show this announcement to your teacher and ask him or her kindly to complete the coupon here and send it to C.N.

Remember, there is an age group for you. The test may be done in school or at home, at the discretion of the teacher, who is asked to sign the entry on completion.

When sent in, every entry is to have affixed to it one of the tokens (marked "C.N. Writing Test 1952") now appearing in every copy of the Newspaper. You will find one at the foot of the back page of this issue.

The Closing Date for entries is Monday, March 31. When returned, each completed entry is to be sent in as part of the school's total entry, in accordance with the competition rules printed on the Entry Form.

TO TEACHERS! The Entry Form to be used in this competition contains the Test Passage, space for the pupil's effort, and full rules and particulars. It is being issued only in answer to school applications! Teachers desiring to enter their pupils are asked to be good enough to complete this application coupon, and send it to Children's Newspaper as soon as possible. The forms will then be sent post free. Last date for form applications is February 29.

(NB—1d. stamp only required for this coupon if the envelope is left unsealed.)

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER Competition Department, C N 3
5 Carmelite Street, London, E C 4 (Comp.)

Please send me (post free) copies of the C.N. National Handwriting Test of 1952 Entry Forms for my pupils.

PRINCIPAL/FORM
MASTER OF MISTRESS

School

School Address

SAFETY FOR CLIMBERS

Basic rules for holiday mountaineers and hill-walkers in Britain have been issued by the conference of the Mountain Accidents Joint Committee.

Adequate clothing for climbing is very important. Even in summer it can be cold on a mountain top, and breeches and trousers should be worn, rather than shorts. Nailed boots are essential and so are spare woollens.

Spare food should be in every climber's rucksack; such items as chocolate, sweets, glucose, and dried fruits.

Climbers should always take a compass and the one-inch map; and, for use in emergencies, a whistle and an electric torch with spare bulb and battery. The recognised distress signal is six blasts on a whistle or six flashes of a torch in one minute, followed by a minute's silence, and then repeated.

A climbing party should never be fewer than three people. Before starting they must take the advice of local residents about the weather. They must also allow themselves plenty of time for their expedition, remembering that winter days are short. Even in summer bad weather may delay progress, for mist can hide landmarks.

Inexperienced rock-climbers should never attempt an ascent unless roped to a capable leader.

BRAVE AWANG

Awang Anak Rawang, a 26-year-old Dyak tracker serving with the British forces in Malaya, has been awarded the George Cross for "coolness, fortitude, and offensive spirit of the highest order" when his patrol was ambushed by 50 bandits. He suffered two wounds, but continued to fight while protecting a wounded soldier.

Steps to Sporting Fame



The city of Bristol has given many fine footballers to the League game—Eddie Hapgood, Ron Dix, Phil Taylor and Cliff Britton. And Roy Bentley.



Roy, 27, has long known the thrill of a cheering crowd. While at Portway School, he scored more than 100 goals in three seasons, and, at 14, he was captain of Bristol school-boys. Then he took an office post with Bristol Rovers.



Later, he joined Bristol City, and after some excellent work in the Cup-ties of 1945-46, was transferred to Newcastle United. After two seasons Roy moved to Chelsea. In May 1949 he started his international career.

Roy Bentley



Roy Bentley has worked hard to reach the top and continues to work hard. Any First Division goalkeeper will testify to his shooting power. He maintains this by long spells of shooting balls into an empty goal.

GOLDEN TRAIN

The most valuable train in the world must surely be the one which leaves Johannesburg at regular intervals on its 1000-mile journey to Cape Town carrying heavy gold bars from the Rand refinery at Germiston.

The bullion is placed in a van at the rear of the train, locked away in special safes, with an armed guard which is also locked in the van before the train steams out of the station. Other passengers may get out at wayside halts, but not these men. While the journey lasts they are cut off from the rest of the train, but this is not too much hardship, because their van is equipped with a kitchenette, dining-room, sleeping bunks, and reading-room.

At Cape Town the train steams right alongside the liner that will take the precious cargo aboard—its value may be anything between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000.

There are elaborate checks and re-checks by the dock police and security officers before the gold bars, in strong sealed boxes, are transferred to the ship's strong-room. There the bullion remains until unloaded at London docks, also under armed guard, and taken to the Bank of England.

AND GOLDEN TABLE

Workmen busy on the site of a new Technical College in Colchester are keeping a look-out for a table of solid gold traditionally said to have been buried in the town during the Roman occupation. Whenever excavations are being made in Colchester rumours of its presence are always revived.

Not always are such traditions ill-founded. At Ribchester, for example, a poem handed down for centuries by word of mouth stated that if one climbed to the top of a certain hill one would gaze on "priceless treasure." Sure enough, when excavations were finally made in the valley, a hoard of silver was discovered.

THE SORBONNE'S 700TH ANNIVERSARY

The Sorbonne is 700 years old this month. This famous French college which has drawn students to Paris from all over the world, opened its doors of welcome in February 1252. Today its magnificent buildings near the Luxembourg Palace are the seat of the University of Paris, as indeed they have been since 1896.

The Sorbonne was founded by Robert de Sorbon, Chaplain to Louis IX, as a residential college of the University of Paris, already about 100 years old. Having himself experienced the hardships of student life, Robert de Sorbon built this college, or hostel, for 16 poor students of various nations.

By the end of the 13th century the Sorbonne had obtained the right to confer degrees, and the severity of its examinations gave an exceptional value to its diplomas.

The Professors of the Sorbonne were resorted to for dogmatic decisions in canon law by clergy of the whole Catholic world, and up to the early years of the 18th cen-

tury Rome did not hesitate to consult them.

In fact, the influence of this, the most important of all theological colleges, extended to political matters. For example, the college demanded and supported the condemnation of Joan of Arc, and, in the 16th century, was the moving spirit of all the persecutions against the Huguenots.

PRINTING PIONEER

On the other hand, in 1470 it allotted quarters within its precincts where Ulric Gering from Mainz set up the first printing press in France.

Both the University of Paris and the Sorbonne were abolished during the French Revolution. In 1808, however, Napoleon restored the Sorbonne, making it the seat of the Académie of Paris as well as of his all-embracing University of France.

The faculties of theology (since abolished), science, and literature were installed there; the University Library was transferred there

in 1823; and such institutions as the Collège de France and the specialised schools for the training of colonial administrators, civil engineers, and Army officers sprang up alongside the Sorbonne.

There came a further drastic change in 1896 when the higher education of France was decentralised, and the new University of Paris, in other words, the Sorbonne, received its present constitution.

Since that year numerous Chairs and Institutes have been established and foreign students have been attracted in greater numbers by the creation of a University Quarter, the Cité Universitaire. A Canadian Hostel was opened in 1926 and, a year or two later, a British Hostel for 300 students.

Between the two wars the number of foreign students at the Sorbonne rose to about 7000, so there are thousands of men and women living and working in all parts of the world proud, particularly on this anniversary, to acknowledge it as their alma mater.

THE FOUR FEATHERS—PICTURE-VERSION OF A. E. W. MASON'S GRAND STORY (3)

Three of Harry Feversham's brother officers had found out that he had resigned from the Army because his regiment was going to Egypt to fight, and they had sent him

three white feathers as a mark of their contempt for him. His fiancée, Ethne, was present when he received them. He confessed that he had always been afraid of being

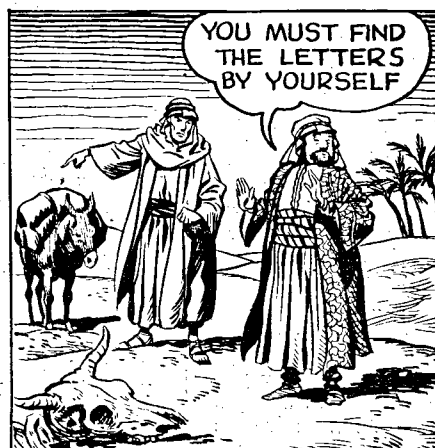
afraid, and had resigned because he feared he might disgrace his family if he were in a battle. Ethne added a fourth white feather and broke off her engagement to him.



Harry returned to London as a disgraced outcast. He stayed in his rooms all day for fear of meeting his former friends, and prowled the streets at night. He realised that he could only retrieve his reputation by carrying out a series of brave acts, which might persuade the three officers to take back their feathers. He resolved to go to Egypt, where plenty of adventure awaited those who sought it.



In Egypt he disguised himself as a Greek, lived on his private income, and learned Arabic. At that time the Egyptians and the British were at war with the Khalifa, a tyrant who with his Dervishes ruled the Sudan. At Suakin, Harry's first chance of a daring exploit came. He met an Arab who had been General Gordon's servant at Khartoum. This man said he had hidden letters sent by Gordon in a house in Berber.



The Nile town of Berber was in the hands of the Dervishes. For a European to go there was to court torture and death as a spy. Harry bribed the Arab, Abou Fatma, to tell him exactly where he could find the house which contained the letters. Then he dressed up as an Arab and went across the desert with Abou as far as the wells of Obak. Abou dared go no farther towards the enemy, so Harry went on alone.



With a donkey carrying a bagful of water and some food, he trudged across the silent, blistering desert till he came within sight of Berber. He stood thinking of the risk he would run there. One slip, the detection of his foreign accent, would mean torture. Yet he would have to stay there for some time to find the house where the letters were concealed. In a sudden fit of panic he turned and ran.

Will Harry face his self-imposed ordeal of finding the letter? See next week's instalment

THE BUCKINGHAMS AT RAVENSWYKE

Grand new serial
by Malcolm Saville

The story so far

Alex Renislau, famous composer who is now living in a house on the Yorkshire moors called Ravenswyke, goes with his son Charles into Whitby to meet Juliet and Simon Buckingham. Father and son are exploring the town when Charles is nearly knocked down by a sailor hurrying out of a junk shop. Mr. Renislau looks as if he had seen a ghost, and follows the man down to the quay and watches him as he goes towards a dirty fishing boat called *The Pride of the Valley*. Charles is sent to the station to meet the Buckinghams, but when they come back to join Mr. Renislau he has disappeared.

4. Vain search

"WHAT do you mean, Charles? How can your father have disappeared?" Juliet said. "Why you only told us a quarter of an hour ago that he would be waiting for us."

"He said he'd be waiting for us here," Charles muttered. "I can't understand it, and I don't like it. He's not your father, so of course there's nothing for you to worry about."

Juliet looked at him in surprise. She knew that Charles was excitable and temperamental, but she liked him very much. He was good fun, a good friend, and rather handsome with the lock of black hair which always fell across his forehead when he got excited. But just now he looked more worried than excited.

"Look here, Charles," she said, "we're sorry if we don't understand why you're so anxious about your father. Let's do as Simon says and stroll up and look at the harbour. You can tell us about this mysterious sailor and what you've been doing since you wrote to us. I'm sure that when we come back Mr. Renislau will be here."

Charles managed a smile and then laughed when Simon said, "All I hope is that he hasn't gone off for tea by himself. I'm jolly hungry."

They walked up and down the quay for a quarter of an hour, and as the minutes passed Charles became more and more silent. It was ridiculous of his father to keep them waiting about like this. He ought to know how awkward his absence was to explain to Juliet and Simon. Then he remembered that his mother had told him that his father was not sleeping properly. Perhaps he had just had one of his moody attacks and wandered off by himself?

Suddenly Juliet nudged him sharply.

"I do think you might answer me, Charles," she said furiously. "You're not deaf so you must be rude... I just asked you for about the sixth time what you meant when you said your father was different after he saw the sailor."

"I'm sorry, Juliet. I was nearly knocked down by a sailor coming

out of a junk shop up one of these alleys. He reminded me vaguely of somebody, although I'm sure I've never seen him before; but Father told me that he reminded him of somebody he wanted to forget. He followed him down to the quay and then sent me off to meet you. He said he'd be waiting for us on that seat, but when I turned round he was going after the sailor who was walking towards that dirty old boat called *The Pride of the Valley*, up by the swing bridge."

"Let's go and look at it, then," Simon suggested. "It's still there and maybe somebody can tell us whether your father spoke to anybody on board."

Charles nodded, so they pushed their way through the crowds until they reached the boat. There was no sign of his father either on the quay or on deck, but the coloured sailor whom he had seen in the morning was still leaning against the wheelhouse.

CHARLES went over and called out; "I say, have you seen my father? He's a bit taller than me, with black hair like mine. He's wearing a light sports jacket and a bow tie... Somehow we've missed him. I think he was looking for..."

His voice trailed away as he realised that he must sound very stupid. Anyway, what had Mr. Renislau been looking for? A sailor with a kitbag who reminded him of someone he wanted to forget, who might have gone aboard this very boat?

The black man spat on the deck. "No English. No speak. Get off!" he said.

Charles felt his temper rising as Juliet said: "You won't get anything out of him, Charles. Let's go back to that seat. Maybe your father is there now. I expect he just went off for some cigarettes."

Long before they reached the seat Charles could see that his father was not there. They sat in gloomy silence for a few minutes and then Juliet tried again.

YOUNG QUIZ



- 1 What word was uttered by the Raven in Edgar Allan Poe's famous poem?
- 2 Which king ordered back the waves?
- 3 Integrity means — honesty, shyness, or anger?
- 4 What is a shillelagh?
- 5 Which island is sometimes called "the loneliest island in the world"?
- 6 What is a calligrapher?
- 7 Who sculptured the Venus de Milo?
- 8 What is the name of the stick used in lacrosse?

Answers on page 11

"DIDN'T you say that Mr. Renislau is working on a new concerto? There you are, then. That's what's happened. He's got an idea and gone off somewhere to write it down."

"It's not that. Father wasn't in that sort of mood. If he was he would have been at the piano all day... I've got a feeling that sailor has got something to do with all those awful years when Father was away. The years he'll never talk about. The years when he was a prisoner."

Simon opened his mouth to say something and then thought better of it when his sister glared at him.

"We'll have to do something soon if he doesn't come," Charles went on. "I'm sure something has happened to him."

"Of course, this is not really anything to do with me," Simon said, "but I'm jolly hungry. Let's take it in turns to go and get some tea. I'll go first, as I thought of it."

"Not a bad idea, Charles. You come too," Juliet said. "When something like this happens you always hope that what you want will be there when you come back. Let's try it."

"I can't understand how you two can think of your stomachs at a time like this," Charles snapped. "You'd better both go and stuff yourselves. If Father turns up I'll tell him you were too hungry to wait for him."

Juliet turned her back on him and took Simon off, but when they came back after an uneasy ten minutes Charles was still sitting there alone.

"SORRY," he said. "I didn't mean to be rude. I'm going to the police. I know my Father is in trouble and that it's something to do with that sailor. I'll have that fishing boat searched."

Juliet forgot her bad temper and tried to reason with him. She told him how foolish he would look, and suggested that they go first to the railway station just to see if he was there. Reluctantly he agreed, but the station was deserted.

Next they went to the bus station, and Charles, white-faced and nearly beside himself, walked up and down the queues searching in vain for the familiar figure of his father. Then they rushed back to the seat on the quay and Charles told them to wait there while he went up to the old church and Abbey where he had been with his father that morning.

Juliet could do nothing with him now and sat with her chin on her hands watching him toil up the long flight of steps on the other side of the harbour. After 20 minutes she and Simon went back past *The Pride of the Valley* to the bridge to wait for him.

WHEN he came at last he was too breathless to speak. Juliet ran forward. "All right, Charles. Let's go to the police now. Just remember we want to help you."

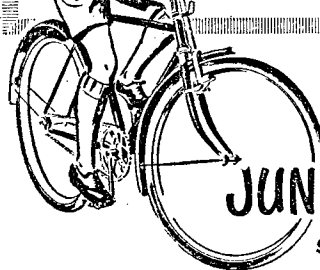
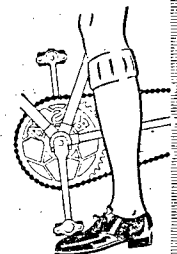
Continued on page 10

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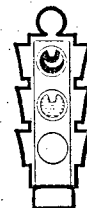
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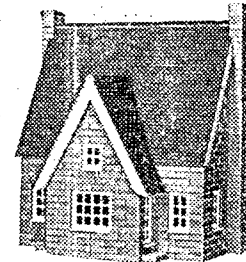


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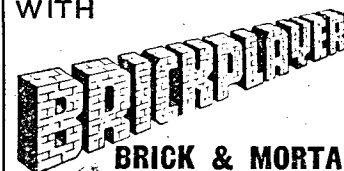
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HE REFUSED TO RETIRE

To thousands of folk in Northern Rhodesia, George Watts was something of a legend. He ran the little wireless station and post office at Mpika, a lonely spot on the 650-mile Great North Road to Tanganyika.

Now this remarkable character—Rhodesia's oldest working civil servant—has died at the age of 80. Only a few hours before his death George was still at his post.

In a beautiful copperplate hand he would transcribe Morse messages at a speed which startled strangers.

Recently a newspaper reporter arrived late one night at this quiet outpost, and wanted to despatch a long and urgent Press wire. But when he noted George's age and the ancient Morse transmitter, he politely asked how far it was to the nearest telegraph office.

RECORD TIME

The old-timer merely shook his head, and in front of the astonished reporter proceeded to tap out 5000 words in record time, with hardly an error.

George had trained as a lad in England with his uncle, who was then a leading jockey. But he was thrown badly by an unruly mount which cut short his racing ambitions.

Off he went to South Africa, and in 1900 formed with 26 others the nucleus of the telegraphic staff of the Cape Colony.

Some years after serving in German South-West Africa during the First World War, George duly received his retirement pension as a postmaster. He was 65.

Most men would have settled

down in a little cottage or farm, but not George Watts. He travelled to Northern Rhodesia, where, giving his age as 54, he obtained another postal job.

"He worked like a man of 34," said the Northern Rhodesian Postmaster-General in a tribute. "A few years later, he wrote in to say that he thought we ought to know that he was really 70!"

For years the man who would not retire managed, single-handed, the Mpika wireless station and handled all postal matters. At one time he was transferred temporarily to another town, whereupon five telegraph operators were installed in his place! But George came back to the Great North Road.

Thousands of Allied troops knew him during the war, when convoys stopped for rest and refreshment. In no time old George would be rattling off telegrams and cables for the soldiers.

On the morning of his death he wrote, as neatly as ever, his last message, and tapped it out: "Feeling very ill. Must close station. Sorry."

So passed a lovable and conscientious servant.

OF MOOSE AND MEN

Three motorists disturbed a moose while they were on a pleasure trip in Nova Scotia. The animal was so enraged that it chased them down a mountain for half a mile and cornered them in a wayside store. The men were unable to escape until a game warden rushed to the scene and destroyed the animal.

The Buckingham at Ravenswyke

Continued from page 9

He looked at her gratefully, and when they found the police station he was much calmer. A policeman asked him for his name and address, but as soon as he heard that he had lost his father he went into another room. They heard the sound of voices and then were invited inside. There were two desks in this room—a uniformed policeman at one, and sitting on the other, with a pipe between his teeth, was a pleasant-looking little man with humorous brown eyes, dressed in shabby tweeds.

"Gosh!" Simon said. "I believe you're a real detective."

"I am," the man smiled. "Name of Brandon. Are you the chap who's lost his father?"

"No, sir," Charles said. "I am. I want to tell you about it and I want you to search a fishing boat called The Pride of the Valley."

"Tell me the whole story," the detective said. "We'll find your father for you."

Charles told all he knew and the detective seemed very interested in the fact that Mr. Marsdon of Eagle Hall had been dining with his parents last evening, and then the telephone rang.

"MR. MARSDON?" the detective said. "Yes. This is Brandon speaking. No, sir. No news yet. London is moving, but I was just coming over to see you . . .

By the way, sir, do you know a Mr. Renislau? . . . You do? Good. His boy and two of his friends are with me at this moment. They tell me that Renislau promised to meet them on the quay here but hasn't turned up . . . I'll bring these youngsters back to Ravenswyke right away and have a word with Mrs. Renislau, and then come on to you."

Ten minutes later they were in the back of a police car with Brandon. They picked up their bags at the station and then, in an awkward silence, rushed over the moors. As they were bumping down a narrow, bumpy lane, after passing through the village, Charles said:

"The house at the end. What am I going to say to Mother?"

"Leave it to me, son," Brandon said as the car stopped at the gate, but Charles had already seen Mrs. Renislau in the garden and jumped out before the car stopped.

Juliet and Simon sat back miserably, not knowing what to do.

"Where's your father?" they heard Mrs. Renislau say sharply. "What are you doing in that police car? Charles! Answer me. Where's your father?"

Brandon got out and Juliet heard Charles say:

"I don't know, Mother. He's gone. He said he'd be there when we came back, but he's gone."

To be continued



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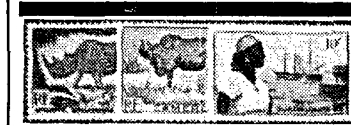
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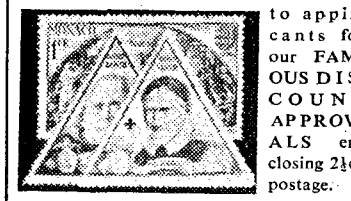


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THE BRAN TUB

UNREASONABLE

"Now, Johnny," said father, "tell me why I punished you."
"Well, that's the limit," said Johnny. "First you smack me, and now you admit you don't know why you did it!"

Ben Jonson's riddle

WHAT is that, that the more you cut of it, groweth still the longer?

Answer next week

COUNTRYSIDE FLOWERS

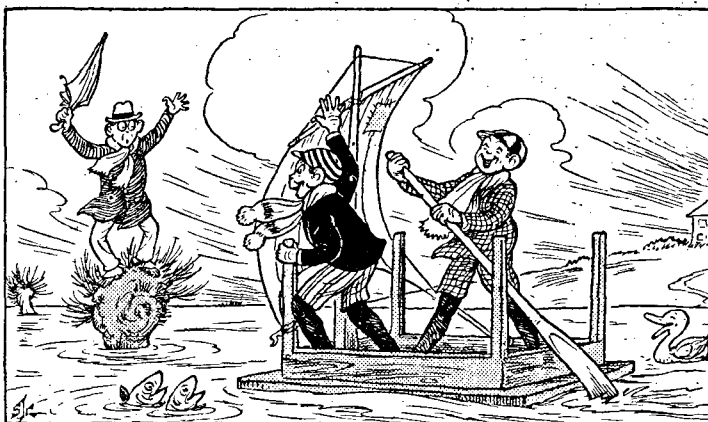
YEW is better known by its dark green, feathery foliage than by its flowers, which are small and easily overlooked. They are borne



in the form of rounded catkins, about a quarter of an inch long. The yellow anthers are encircled by tiny scales. When ripe, a slight touch will scatter a shower of yellow pollen in the air.

The female flowers look like small green buds. If fertilised, they develop into the handsome, oddly-shaped berries which are so readily devoured by hungry birds.

JACKO AND CHIMP TO THE RESCUE



The river at Jackotown had burst its banks, and Jacko and Chimp could not resist the temptation to go and watch the muddy water swirling by. As they approached the water's edge they heard frantic cries of "Help, help!" "Someone must be trapped!" said Jacko, hurrying in the direction of the cries. Then they saw Professor Pongo waving his arms and shouting wildly, balanced precariously on top of a tree. Borrowing a table from a house nearby, they quickly made it into a strange craft which enabled them to save the professor from his uncomfortable perch.

Largest leaf

THE largest leaf in the world is that of the water lily known as Victoria Regia, which grows in South America. Fully formed, the leaf measures up to 12 feet in diameter, and has a turned-up edge of three inches.

The back of the leaf is composed of a network of veins resembling wicker-work. It was this which gave Sir Joseph Paxton the idea for the Crystal Palace.

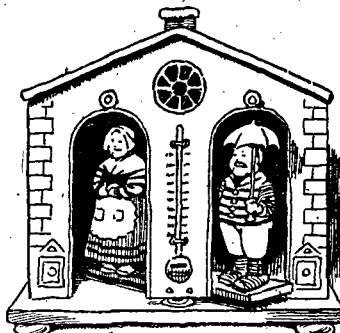
NOT TIME ENOUGH

A LADY motorist was stopped by a traffic policeman.

"Do you know you were doing 40 miles an hour, madam?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" said the lady indignantly. "Forty miles an hour? I've only been out half an hour!"

Unsociable couple



THESE little folk you often see,
But they appear to disagree!
Come sun, come rain, come stormy weather,
You'll never see them out together.

CHAIN QUIZ

Solutions to the following clues are linked together, the last two letters of the first answer being the first two of the second answer, and so on.

1. Near-Eastern country whose history can be traced back about 6000 years; the Suez Canal passes through her territory.

2. Name of many kings of (1) and of a famous astronomer who lived 1800 years ago; he believed the stars to be set in crystal spheres revolving round a stationary earth.

3. City and State of India; the State is ruled by a maharajah; the city has some magnificent buildings.

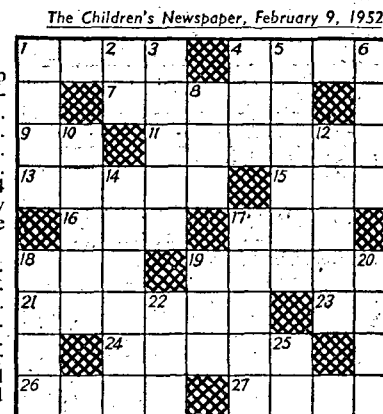
4. Great Dutch painter and etcher (1606-1669) who excelled in portraiture of old people; he was a tremendous worker and made a fortune, but died in poverty.

Answer next week

Crossword Puzzle

READING ACROSS. 1 Steep rock. 4 Back of the foot. 7 Fisherman's basket. 9 Definite thing. 11 Consented. 13 Point of a fork. 15 Wall. 16 Suitable. 17 Devoured. 18 Fasten. 19 Thin circular plates. 21 Emphasis. 23 Preposition. 24 Round coral reef. 26 Royal Army Service Corps (abbrev.). 27 Where the Sun rises.

READING DOWN. 1 Fastener. 2 Alternating current (abbrev.). 3 Allow. 4 She. 5 Chooses. 6 Woman. 8 Ovum. 10 Habit. 12 Upright. 14 Musical dramas. 17 Passage in church. 18 Former ruler of Russia. 19 Distinguished Service Order (abbrev.). 20 Found in chimneys. 22 And so on. (abbrev.). 25 French for the.



Answer next week

Riddle in rhyme

MY first, a type of grimace, shows displeasure.

My second's often craned that one may see. [habits]

My whole's a bird of unobtrusive Which often builds its nest within a tree.

Answer next week

TINY STRANGERS

IN this atomic age, do you know what one little electron says to another when they meet?

"I don't know you from atom."

Riddle-my-town

IN map, not in plan;
In master and man;
In hide, not in seek;
In mild, not in meek;
In stick and in stone;
In sceptre and throne;
In bough, not in branch;
In manor and ranch;
In shoe, not in sock—
A town called Girl Rock.

Answer next week

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

WEATHER PROPHET. "The weather is going to be stormy," said Ann, listening to the robin's few cheerful notes from the hedge.

"What makes you say that?" asked Don in surprise.

"Jim says that when robins sing in the open, weather will be fine; but if they sing from sheltered spots, rough weather is about."

"Well, robin is unlike his rival," chuckled Farmer Gray as, from the top of a tall tree, a large speckled bird burst into song.

"What a huge thrush!" exclaimed Ann.

"Yes, it is a missel thrush, or stormcock," said the farmer. "No matter how rough the weather, he will continue his song."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Stocking up. The farmer spent his £100 as follows: £95 for turkeys, £1 for a hen, and £4 for 80 chicks.

Riddle-my-town. Cleckheaton Chain quiz. Whale, Leipzig, iguana, Nausicaa.

BEDTIME CORNER

Spikey wakes too soon

IT was one of those very mild nights early in the year that deceive you into thinking that spring is beginning already. It certainly deceived Spikey Hedgehog.

Asleep in his winter nest of dead leaves and grass, he suddenly opened one eye, and, uncurling a little, poked his snout outside and sniffed sleepily at the still, warm air.

"S - spring?"

Yes, of course it's spring!" he yawned. "I knew those other hedgehogs were talking nonsense when they said you must take a long, long sleep before the warm spring days come and there's food to be had again. Well, I haven't been asleep for longer than



two moons, and here's spring already!" And soon he was standing outside his home peering around.

He saw that there were no leafy shadows now; the moon shone straight through the bare branches of tree and hedge. Everything seemed different, and just a little unfriendly.

"But who cares?" grunted Spikey. "I'm off to get some

supper." He began hunting in the dried leaves for insects. But there were none. The birds had been there first.

Then along came the night wind and whispered: "Go home little hedgehog. Spring is not here yet."

"Nonsense!" cried Spikey, and went hunting slugs and snails along the hedgebank. But weeks ago they had all gone into winter hiding, deep in crannies of walls and tree roots.

Along came the night wind again and whispered: "Go home little hedgehog. Spring is not here yet, and tomorrow brings snow."

"Nonsense!" cried Spikey, and went off to hunt for frogs.

Then came the night wind a third time. "Go home, little hedgehog. Spring is not here yet, and tomorrow brings snow and starvation to the foolish."

And this time Spikey did listen. And so, snug in his home, he slept through snow and cold, till the winds of March set the daffodils dancing and shook every sleeper awake.

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